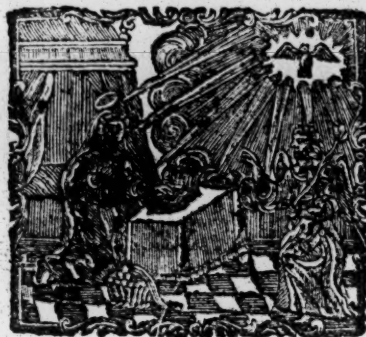




The Visitation of the Blessed Virgin.



The Shepherds worship Christ.



The Circumcision.



Herod's Cruelty.



Christ tempted by Satan in the Wilderness.



The Marriage in Cana.



The Lord's Supper.

A COPY of VERSES, humbly presented to all my worthy MASTERS and MISTRESSES,  
Of Charing-Cross Ward, in the Parish of St. Martin in the Fields,

By FRANCIS CULEY, Beadle and Bellman, for the Year 1794.  
No. 1, WILSON'S PLACE, Three Doors from the GOLDEN CROSS INN.

PROLOGUE.

THE circling Year once more its Round has fill'd,  
When I again, how'er in Verse unskill'd,  
Must, as in Duty bound, this Homage pay  
To my good Friends, my Life's Support and Stay:  
Accept then what I offer, and excuse  
The unharmonious Numbers of my Muse;  
I care not then what snarling Critics do,  
Since this was only wrote for to please you.

(1819) On ST. MICHAEL.

THIS blessed Saint, on whom we often call,  
Bravely compleated the proud Rebel's Fall,  
Who boldly did attempt to overthrow  
His Master's Seat, which prov'd his deadly Woe;  
Drove out from the Presence of his God,  
And forc'd to seek in Hell his dark Abode;  
From whence in vain he strives to rise again,  
For he in Darkness ever must remain.

(1817) On ST. LUKE.

THE good St. Luke, with Truth directed Pen,  
Reveal'd Christ's History to the Sons of Men;  
Of pure Religion laid the sacred Plan,  
And told the various Miracles to Man.  
Ye Christians! fix in that your sole Delight,  
And meditate his Works both Day and Night:  
He was the Patron of all those that paint,  
And would to God each Painter was a Saint.

(1802) On ST. ANDREW.

THIS blest Apostle, like his Master, who  
Pray'd for his Murderers, and forgave them too;  
Bound to the Cross, he did the Gospel preach,  
'Till Death at length concludes his fault'ring Speech;  
And now, for all his bitter Grief and Pain,  
A Crown of Joy and Glory doth obtain.

(1819) On ST. THOMAS.

IN bare Report, a Doubt or Diffidence  
Is better far than too much Confidence;  
Thomas was told that Christ had rose again,  
Who but Eight Days before he knew was slain:  
I'll not believe, he cries, unless I see  
And feel the Wounds my Saviour felt for me.

(1812) On CHRISTMAS EVE.

BELIEVE me, Maids, all Things look very well;  
Oh! what a charming and delicious Smell  
Is here of Tarts and Pies, by which I see  
This surely will a merry Christmas be;  
The Spits adorn'd with roast Beef, and such Cheer,  
The Cellars full of Ale and humming Beer;  
All Things in Order plac'd, and fitted to  
The Mirth and Pastime which will soon ensue.

(1805) On CHRISTMAS DAY.

CHEER up, fond Soul; no longer be dismay'd;  
Thy Saviour's born, and in a Manger laid.  
See! how the Shepherds in Confusion run,  
To view the Wonders their great God has done:  
Behold the Eastern Wife-men Offerings bring,  
And Kings bow down before our heavenly King.  
Oh! endless Love, which nothing can exceed,  
To save vile Sinners, must our Saviour bleed?

(1815) On ST. STEPHEN.

TRUSTING in God, St. Stephen suffer'd Death,  
And for his Saviour's Cause resign'd his Breath,  
And in his dying Agonies did pray  
That God would wipe his Murderers Crimes away;  
Tho' ston'd to Death, he had this Blessing given,  
Those very Stones convey'd his Soul to Heav'n.  
Let every one by this Example strive,  
To bear with Patience what we can't survive.

(1819) On ST. JOHN.

THIS Youth, most wise, chose Mary's better Part,  
And freely gave the Saviour all his Heart;  
Upon the Bosom of the Lord he laid,  
With Comfort, far surpassing Thoughts, his Head.  
At length was banish'd, and to Patmos driv'n,  
There dy'd, 'tis said, but now he lives in Heav'n.  
May Youth, like John, despise the Pleasures here,  
Which always end in Misery and Fear.

(1819) On INNOCENTS DAY.

WHEN Herod knew that One was born, to be  
King of the Jews, a greater Prince than he,  
His Wrath increas'd, Infants he doom'd to die,  
Dear Mothers wept to see them bleeding lie:  
Great was the Slaughter then, yet ne'er the less,  
The Prince of Peace, and Son of Righteousness,  
They could not touch—for why? The Father knew,  
That Christ had yet a greater Work to do!

(1800) On NEW YEAR'S DAY.

REMEMBER, Mortals, when the Year's begun,  
How fast 'tis measur'd, and how quickly done;  
Past Time is fled, and what's to come is not,  
The present Moment only is our Lot.  
Let none the Works of Holiness delay,  
Since no Man's sure to live another Day.

(1819) On TWELFTH DAY.

O What a Day is this!—a glorious Day,  
When Pastry Cooks their utmost Pomp display;  
And ev'ry Man and Maid, with full Delight,  
Long for the Pleasures of th' approaching Night;  
For he who all the Year a Slut has been,  
This happy Night may prove to be a Queen.

(1802) On the KING.

HAPPY, great GEORGE, with ev'ry Gift endu'd,  
To make a Nation happy, if they wou'd:  
May he improve the Power Heav'n has lent,  
And may his Subjects ever be content.  
Let him have Wisdom given from above,  
His Councils too united be in Love.  
When Death shall take him to eternal Rest,  
May he remain for ever with the Blest'd.

On the QUEEN.

OUR gracious Queen is now well-known to be  
The Mother of a numerous Progeny;  
O, may they all alike from her inherit  
Each princely Virtue, with her gracious Spirit;  
And may the live to form each tender Mind,  
To be a public Blessing to Mankind.  
What Veneration! what complete Applause!  
From all Mankind the great Example draws.

(1802) To my MASTERS.

MY worthy Masters, how shall I address,  
Or in what Sense my Gratitude express,  
For the great Favors they on me bestow,  
Which daily from their bounteous Goodness flow.  
By special Care I'll strive to make amends,  
For the great Love of these my best of Friends.

To my MISTRESSES.

MY virtuous Mistresses, if I neglect  
To pay to you the most profound Respect,  
I justly then should be accounted rude,  
But Heav'n forbid such base Ingratitude!  
In constant Favors I your Bounty find  
So truly good, so charitably kind.

(1817) To the YOUNG MEN.

CONSIDER now you're in your Bloom, and well,  
What Sin doth do, it leads a Way to Hell;  
The greatest Good that can be done, is this—  
Strive all you can to obtain your future Bliss,  
For there's no one that ever yet was found,  
Who doth in gentle Happiness abound,  
But is a Slave to Gold that Fortune gives,  
Or else a Slave to Fortune while he lives.

(1817) To the YOUNG MAIDS.

MY pretty Maids, of charming Beauty bright,  
You shall not say that I'll forget you quite;  
Good Counsel unto you I freely lend,  
Receive it as a Kinship's from a Friend;  
Be sure be virtuous; learn good Housewifery;  
Then when young Bachelors the same shall see,  
They will come courting to you all so fast  
To wed, that you may sing the worth is past.

(1817) On CRISPIN.

LET this Day, sacred to the honour'd Lail,  
In jovial Healths, and matchless Glee be past;  
Let's spread what Sails we can, and fore and aft,  
In founding Concert join to hail the Craft;  
Be Crispin e'er the Burthen of our Song,  
Whom we will celebrate, doing ding, ding dong,  
'Till Morn diffus'd around, Hearts light as Cork,  
Shall put in Mind once more to think of Work.

(1805) THE BELLMAN'S PRAYER.

MAY Heav'n preserve in Peace both Church and State,  
And may no Part of Mankind's Feuds create;  
May every one that proves his Country's Foe,  
The Bliss of neither Peace nor Plenty know;  
May Heaven protect our Fleets and Armies too,  
And bless them with Success where'er they go;  
And may we be a People always free,  
And may my Masters all remember me.

(1805) EPILOGUE.

FAREWELL my worthy Masters, Mistresses, and all,  
This annual Tribute paid—your Poet now must fall.  
Not form'd by Nature for this Occupation,  
He must resign his Pen—resume his Station.  
With all Humility, with no aspiring Thought,  
As Bellman, not as Poet, is your Favor sought:  
Should he chance to please in that, his proper Calling,  
He trusts, your usual Bounty will prevent his failing.

The Birth of Christ.



The Wife Men's Offering.



Joseph's Flight into Egypt.



Christ baptized by John the Baptist.



Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem.



Stephen stoned.



The Ascension.

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